

GC NOVELS

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# 賢者の弟子を 名乗る賢者

She professed herself  
pupil of the wise man.

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# She Professed Herself The Pupil Of The Wiseman

vol.2

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# Chapter 1

Completely devoid of clouds, the clear sky was dyed in a single, oppressive color of blue; the only things that freely ventured through that azure heaven were its unseen gusts of wind and the flying birds. Then, on the ground, the greenery that covered the earth seemed to be spreading its buds and flourishing all at once—a vision intensified by the sunlight as it shone upon the land.

Overlooked by both the sun and that sky, the very elements that made possible the existence of such a fine and beautiful day, was an extensive forest. Within there, right from the main road that cut across the woods, if one were to look up at the heavens they would see another spectacle: with every sway of the treetops, the sunlight that escaped through them appeared as if there were countless shooting stars dancing around, forming a sparkling, starry sky. The wind that escaped from each of the gaps in the trees harbored a breath of the fresh verdure, quickly filling the air of the entire area with hints of spring.

Truly, anyone would easily point that it was the perfect weather for an afternoon outing in the wild.

And coincidentally, parked right in the middle of the main road was a single carriage. However, the two individuals that were there—a young man clad in military garb and a younger girl dressed in a lovely gothic outfit—had been standing stock still by the vehicle's side, looking completely dumbfounded.

The girl's long, silver hair gently fluttered around as a swaying breeze caressed her cheeks. Yet, not only did she wear a stiff expression on her face, but also the girl's—or rather, Mira's—countenance looked somewhat pale while she stared at a certain location. The young man by her side, Garrett, also seemed to be at a complete loss for words as he gazed at the *thing* lying down on the ground.

Built over leveled and compacted soil, the main road in that forest had a width that allowed carriages to pass by each other without any problem.

Moreover, since the sunlight was still able to reach it, as shown by the flickering spectacle, the visibility there wasn't that bad, even when considering that it was a place surrounded by trees.

*In spite of that, an accident actually happened,* thought Mira as she turned her head and glanced at the carriage. With the dark red stains that were now splattered on the vehicle's frame, anyone could guess that it had violently collided into something. Then, while feeling an unspeakable sense of irritation, Mira returned her sight to what was in front of her.

*A person dressed in old rags.*

Lying face down on the ground, their body stood completely still, as if frozen in time.

Head, torso and legs, it still had them. But all of its joints were bent in absolutely unnatural ways. To make matters even worse, that person's right arm had been completely torn off and thrown far away, exactly in the direction the carriage was facing. Truly, no matter how one looked at it, that was scene where someone had "died after being run over by a vehicle."

"Well, I guess you finally went and did it, huh..."

While regretting that her pleas to send Garrett to a driving school had been too soft, the girl managed to squeeze out that statement, sounding very serious.

"P-Please wait a moment Mira-sama. That person suddenly jumped out from the side of the road! I had no time to stop!"

Granted, the main road was dimly illuminated at that time. It did not mean, however, that it was so dark one would fail to notice the figure of a person being there. Instead, the problem came from the deep, dense forest that spread right by the sides of that road: a place that could easily conceal a person, a demon or a monster. Although he had seen everything from the coachman's seat, the military man seemed unable to completely understand what had just happened there. As a result, without hiding his unrest, he did his best to voice out an excuse.

Instead of delivering a cold, icy gaze towards that Garrett, Mira simply stared

at him with hints of pity in her eyes. Then, as if indicating that she had understood him, the young girl slightly nodded and calmly began to walk, following the path directly in front of her. Noticing that she had believed in his story, Garrett returned the nod, feeling relieved; he had secured a very powerful supporter for his defense. Immediately, the intense emotions that had been pressing on the military man's heart began to dissipate.

Nonetheless, an accident was still an accident. There was the need to report it to the kingdom and also handle that corpse. With such a thought in her mind, Mira sighed, her gaze moving from the body in front of her to the torn off arm in the distance—or, more precisely, to something that was a few steps away from the limb.

“Mira-sama. How far are you going to keep walking!?”

From what Garrett saw, Mira had calmly walked past the arm lying on the ground and steadily advanced through the road. Since he had thought that the girl's objective was to just pick up that limb, Garrett spontaneously raised his voice in a concern.

“I am leaving this place to you. Did I not tell you that already?”

“No no, wait a moment, that's the first time I've heard anything like that.”

“But just a while ago I nodded that I was going to count on you, no?”

“What!? So that was what you meant!?”

Apparently, they didn't grow close enough to the point of understanding one another's thoughts through simple eye contact.

“Is there anything wrong here?”

While the two were exchanging a back-and-forth, an unfamiliar voice interrupted them. Turning around, they noticed a huge man standing there, his body clad in metallic, light armor. And parked in a place further behind him—about ten-odd meters away—was a peddler-like carriage.

One way or another, that man seemed to be an escort for those traveling sellers. When he quickly noticed that, Garrett looked up at the sky, a bitter smile appearing on his face; it was obvious that, because of the information

network formed by the peddlers, news about the accident would end up spreading in the blink of an eye.

As for Mira, she already looked stupefied. With a drawn smile on her lips, the young girl gazed at the bodyguard that had appeared. Frowning at such a weird behavior coming from both Mira and Garrett, the moment the escort noticed a body lying on the ground, right by the military man's feet, he finally grasped everything. Returning his gaze to look straight at Garrett, he bluntly declared:

"I see, what a disaster, huh."

After expressing his sympathies, the bodyguard let out a mean-spirited laugh.

The "person" they thought they had run over and killed was actually a zombie. Furthermore, it wasn't any ordinary zombie. Below the robes that seemed to be made of the bark of a rotten tree, its body revealed bones so withered they had the reddish appearance of something covered in rust. And instead of flesh, what covered those very bones was a combination of soil and wilted plants.

Considering that thing's true identity, there was no need to be fretful anymore. In the first place, since it didn't shed a single drop of blood, with a closer look it was possible to confirm that, indeed, it had not been a living person. Even though it was too late for that now, Mira regained her composure and revealed a strained smile, as if trying to gloss over the issue.

"Well, not only does its appearance look weird, but it's pretty strange for a zombie to appear at this time of the day."

Garrett, now released from the guilt that had been assaulting his chest, returned to his everyday mood and directed a dubious glance at the zombie on the ground. Admittedly, the highway they were in was surrounded by a dimly illuminated forest, but it was still possible to see the sunlight making its way through the foliage covering the sky.

"Indeed, you are right."

Placing a finger on her chin, Mira nodded as she looked towards the tiny spots in the road that managed to get illuminated by the sun.

"Looks like you lot haven't been around here for too long, right? Then I can

understand it.”

From Mira and Garrett, then to their carriage, the bulky man shifted his gaze back and forth.

“If I’m not mistaken, it’s been around one month since those kinds of weird zombies started appearing. Well, it’s just a mere zombie, but you better keep your guard up since we don’t know its origins.”

Stating that, the escort continued. He briefly told the other two about certain abnormal events that, recently, had been occurring in the neighborhood. According to him, zombies would wander around at night. However, that kind of talk wouldn’t really strike someone as being “weird”.

Nevertheless, they still caused harm, with things like crop fields receiving the brunt of it and getting trampled down by the zombies. Occasionally, there were cases like the one that had just occurred, with zombies that were, somehow, active during the day; they would hide within places such as that forest, where the sunlight was weak, and end up causing accidents.

When he reached that point, the bodyguard stopped and sighed. Afterwards, with a complaining look on his face, he spoke.

“Anyway, that’s why just the other day a suppression party was created. I even took part in it myself, since they were offering a pretty hefty reward... but those zombies didn’t resist at all! You can imagine how much it gave me the creeps.”

As he mentioned that, the man shifted his attention to the zombie lying on the roadside.

“So they don’t assault anyone—even when being attacked themselves? Just what is their real intention...?”

“This is clearly novel to me.”

Both Mira and Garrett muttered their thoughts after looking at the corpse on the ground.

That zombie was indeed something new to Mira, and she had a very solid reason to make that statement.

First of all, not just zombies, but all monsters of the Undead class were only supposed to appear in two different occasions: inside the dungeons, where there was no sunlight, and in the open world during the night. That was something known as one of the fundamental laws of the world, explained during a tutorial quest in the game era.

Exactly. The world she was currently in had been a game world in the past. However, somehow, that world became real. As a member of the Nine Sages, a group composed of the strongest Experts in the game, Dunbalf had been requested to search for his old comrades in that new world; but due to a twist of fate, he had become a young girl: Mira. And right now, she was in the middle of her journey.

As a result, Mira's knowledge about the basics of the world was very profound.

It was that very knowledge, then, that told her the zombie before her very eyes was something "novel". Just the fact that it had been lurking between the shadows in the forest, trying to avoid the light, was weird enough. It wasn't like the zombies had been simply hiding themselves during the day, in the past—unless it was night time, they would never appear anywhere, at all.

To make matters worse, even the bodyguard didn't know much about such a mysterious kind of zombie.

Afterwards, Mira and Garrett were helped by that man and took care of the corpse. With that out of the way, they drove the memories of that eerie encounter to the corner of their minds and finally resumed their journey.

Three days had passed since they had left Lunatic Lake, the capital of the Kingdom of Arkite. While banqueting on food made with wild plants—a cuisine from a village they had stopped by—the girl had already started getting used to traveling in a carriage. And now, the vehicle that was transporting Mira crossed the gates to a certain city, entering its main street.

Located next to the C-Rank Dungeon 『Archaic Temple Nebulapolis』, it was the Requiem City of Coronach<sup>[1]</sup>. That town was centered around a specific stone monument, used by the people to pray for the peace of the war deceased: those who died long ago, while participating in the Great War. It was,



indeed, a city with history. Additionally, since there were many dungeons nearby, it also served as a gathering point for a great number of adventurers.

Probably because of the approaching night, signaled by the crimson color spreading through the skies, the city seemed pretty quiet—and in some respects, even melancholic.

Casually following some of the sparse citizens in the streets with her gaze, Mira abruptly slid down and fell from her seat as the vehicle was brought to a sudden stop.

“Good grief, what is it now?”

Complained the girl with a pout, her face appearing near the coachman’s seat. As soon as she did that, what entered her field of view were Garrett’s head, the carriage’s horses and, finally, the figure of an old person lying on the ground, right in front of them.

*(Hey, without a doubt this is an accident scene!)*

Opening her eyes wide while observing that situation, her cheeks twitched when she wondered if Garrett had really done it that time.

“I’m terribly sorry. Are you alright?”

However, ignoring the worrying girl, Garrett came down from his seat and, while extending a hand towards the older individual, expressed his apologies and concern. Immediately, the body lying on the ground steadily began to move.

“Dear me! I should be the one apologizing! It was my fault for suddenly jumping in front of you...”

Said the old person after raising their face. Following that, they grabbed the hand that had been stretched before them and used it to stand up. Considering his splendidly forged physique, if one were to disregard his almost non-existent hair, he didn’t look like an old man at all.

“You seemed to be in a great hurry. Did anything happen?”

“It’s my grandchild, the poor kid still hasn’t returned home, so I’ve been looking everywhere. You see, these days the nighttime’s getting pretty

dangerous.”

Apparently, the old man had been looking out for his grandchild and, just as he had absentmindedly entered the main street, he found himself in front of the carriage. Caught by surprise, he fell down on his own. After scanning that old man with her eyes and confirming he was in perfectly good health, without any injuries, Mira felt awfully relieved. Still, with how well built that man was, if he were to actually get hit by the carriage there wouldn't really be any need for worry.

“The nighttime, huh...? By any chance, are you talking about the zombie problem that has been occurring lately?”

“Yes, exactly. That's why I've told my grandkid to come back before dusk... but it seems the little rascal can't settle down at all.”

His voice blurred with sadness, the old man confirmed Garrett's suspicions.

“Although I've heard they weren't attacking humans... yeah, it still makes you worry.”

The rumored zombies did not attack people. Yet, it didn't mean that a parent wouldn't feel anxious about the safety of their kid.

Afterwards, when the two men exchanged a few more words, the older one apologized for the trouble he had caused and bowed. He then resumed his search for his grandchild, moving towards the places a kid would probably like to go.

“I felt a certain air of melancholy in this city, but to think it was because there were no children around here...”

Pointed the girl as she briefly surveyed the town, a deep, dead silence ruling that place *more than she would have liked*.

“I'm sure they've also been told to return home before dusk, just like the case with the grandfather from earlier.”

Returning to the coachman's seat, Garrett repeated Mira's gesture and looked around before giving his opinion. During that time, when the young girl's figure entered his line of sight, certain doubts surfaced within his heart. She was

far too cute and lovely: ten out of ten people would easily consider Mira a very beautiful girl. And yet, he wondered why the thought of that little girl walking all alone during the night didn't bring even the slightest hint of anxiety to him.

Amidst the sound of hooves rhythmically hitting the ground, Mira's vehicle entered the premises of a large, three-story building. Garrett then directed the carriage a bit further ahead, to the wooden stables of the place, and stopped it in one of the stalls. At the same time, an employee of the inn—who worked as the manager of the stables—walked towards the military man.

“Good evening. Are you going to stay at our inn?”

“Yes, indeed.”

“Understood, sir. I shall ask you later about the handling of the carriage and the horses, so please take that into consideration.”

“Alright.”

When he handed a receipt to Garrett, the manager took a step back and bowed.

“Now then, Mira-sama, we'll have to check-in first.”

“Sure.”

Sticking out his head from the coachman's place, Garrett called out to Mira, inside the carriage. Then, with flowing movements, he jumped out of the vehicle. His next actions were also swift, and when Mira was still stretching her body on her seat, the military man had already opened the vehicle's door.

Having finally disembarked, the girl was guided by her driver towards the reception of the inn. Next to the entrance of the place was a large sign made of marble, with the name of the establishment carved on it: The Summer Lantern<sup>[2]</sup>.

As Garrett opened the door and entered, the interior of something akin to a first-class hotel greeted their view. There was a front desk, and it was possible to see many uniformed employees coming and going, their calm demeanor contrasting with how quickly they moved. By the windows, an adventurer clad in an elegant armor and robe was sitting together with their colleagues, on

what appeared to be resting chairs; that sight only emphasized the feeling of being in a different world. The mix of the modernistic, western-styled interior of the hotel and the medieval fantasy setting<sup>[3]</sup> brought about an indescribable atmosphere to the place.

The view outside of the windows was also something worthy of mention. Within the garden that spread there, neatly pruned trees and shrubs danced to the tune of the wind, their movements also followed by an entire flower bed. In addition, it was even possible to see children running around the place.

“Hey hey, this is simply amazing.”

Obviously, it couldn't be compared with the royal castle, but the inn was thoroughly clean, its employees' conduct impeccable and the interior design had been casually personalized. Even Mira, who had spent a few nights at the castle, wouldn't dare to say that such an establishment was inferior to the King's stronghold, in regards to its splendor.

“As expected of a Coronach inn.”

“Would it not be too expensive, then? I do not have that much money with me...”

If one were to consider cities bigger than Coronach, there would be only one that existed nearby: the very capital of the Kingdom of Arkite, Lunatic Lake. Consequently, it could be said that Coronach was one of the top cities of the kingdom. Filled with unease, Mira frowned as she touched the dark belt pack that was tied around her waist. Found inside the bag given to Mira by the castle's maid, that accessory matched her black-and-white clothes pretty well. The girl had thrown within that pack the small pouch that contained all of her money—the one awarded by King Solomon.

“Naturally, you won't have to worry about that, Mira-sama. This time all of your travel expenses will be paid by Solomon-sama.”

Said Garrett with a radiant smile, followed by,

“Just once, I wanted to try spending a night here.”

In a playful murmur.



“Good grief, you need to show some restraint.”

Although Mira was astonished by that, she was also pulled in by Garrett’s mood and smiled back at him.

While the man was taking care of the check-in procedure, Mira, who didn’t have anything to do, killed time by observing the objects in the entrance hall, such as its furnishings and paintings. However, the girl herself didn’t realize that, just like those pieces of art, she was also being observed—albeit in secret. As expected of a high class inn, it was used by high-ranking adventurers, individuals who could easily make their gazes go unnoticed.

After Garrett concluded the formalities with the front desk, they were guided to a room by an employee. Apparently, all the highest-grade ones had already been occupied, so they were given a room in the “second-best” ranking; it would still easily beat even the finest rooms offered by the common inn. But incidentally, it was completely out of the question to compare it with Dunbalf’s private room, in his Silver Linked Tower.

Since he was going to stay in one of the standard rooms, the military man left for the lower floor, his job done for the day.

As soon as Mira entered her room, she noticed a note that had been left on top of a table. Written there were a set of reminders and information about the service given at the inn. It covered a lot of topics, such as the instructions to leave the key at the front desk when going out, how to call for room service by ringing the bell near the doorway, how they handled the breakfast, lunch and dinner, *etc.*

Having roughly scanned the contents of the note, Mira then looked at the huge wall clock in the room.

It was almost six o’clock in the afternoon. Outside of the window, the sky was almost completely dyed in black, with the last tinges of crimson only appearing far away in the distance.

*(Okay, I already did too much today. It should be fine to start my mission tomorrow.)*

Mira decided in an instant. She then sat down on the sofa after taking a drink

with her—one of the goods that had been arranged for those using the room.

The girl's carriage journey, which lasted for several days, had taken its toll on her, but nevertheless she still had the desire to fully enjoy a first-class inn. She immediately opened the room service menu and rang the bell, without even looking at the prices there.

In the following day, just when the young girl was walking towards the dining hall to have breakfast, she ran into Garrett, who had finished enjoying a cup of coffee after his meal.

“Ah, Mira-sama. Good morning.”

“Yeah, morning.”

Mira answered after a small yawn, quickly taking one of the nearby seats.

“If I'm not mistaken, Mira-sama is going to the Experts' Union and register there, right?”

“Indeed.”

She nodded while looking over the contents of the breakfast menu—and then raised her face, as if suddenly remembering something. Mira had left a firmly locked box inside of the carriage so, one way or another, it was worrying her.

“Come to think of it, what are you going to do now? I doubt your only mission was to bring me here.”

“Yes, you're right, Mira-sama. In regards to a different matter, I'm going to the Coronach Fort.”

As he confirmed the girl's suspicions, Garrett casually waved a letter in his hand. It seemed like his mission was to deliver it.

“Oho, is that what was inside the box?”

“Exactly. It's related to the mission you undertook just the other day. Let's call it an ‘Official Letter’ of sorts. I heard it contains a warning and guidance, so that they would know how to deal with the problem the next time it happens.”

“Hmm, I see.”

*Related to the mission she had undertaken.* In other words, about the Lesser

Demon's shady actions. Those developments had, somehow, bothered the girl, but it was a matter that had been left completely in Solomon's care. Mira herself was entrusted with a very important mission.

"Oh, right. Do you know where I could find the Experts' Union?"

However, in order to proceed with that "very important mission", the first step was to know its location, and Mira had absolutely no idea where it was.

"For the Experts' Union... after you leave this inn, turn to the left and follow the path straight ahead. In almost no time you will be able to find it, Mira-sama."

"Hm, straight ahead to the left, okay."

With the letter that was in his hand, Garrett pointed at the direction towards the Union. Mira then followed it with her eyes while repeating to herself those instructions.

"If by any chance you get lost, you can ask the patrolling knights... ask the nice people in white-and-blue armor about the city's best inn. They will gladly teach you how to return here."

"Do not worry about it."

After saying that with a pout, the young girl used the menu she held and turned it towards Garrett, her fingers pointing at an entry labeled "Croque-monsieur Set."

"I see, you want the Croque-monsieur Set, right? Would you like anything to drink?"

"A Banana au Lait please."

"Understood."

He replied as a—somewhat cheerful—smile took place on his face. Immediately, the military man walked towards the restaurant counter and repassed Mira's order.

"Well then, Mira-sama. See you at dinner."

"Sure, take care on your way there."

“I will. Be careful so you don’t get lost, Mira-sama.”

And not even a second later, he was already hurrying out of the dining hall.

“Come on, as if I would ever get lost.”

Muttered the girl while scowling at the direction Garrett had run away.

Twenty minutes later. Having had her fill of food during breakfast, Mira, with light steps, strolled towards the Experts’ Union.

### *TL Info:*

[1↑](#)鎮魂都市カラナツク – Requiem City of Coronach: The first part, “鎮魂” or “Chinkon” means something related to the repose of souls, to the place where souls “sink in”. And Coronach or “カラナツク” is a “Scottish Gaelic” term specially related to death that can be seen in other media too.

[2↑](#)夏燈籠 – The Summer Lantern: “燈籠” uses an outdated kanji for “lamp” (the “燈”), but it basically means the Tourou or Tōrō, a traditional lantern used in the Japanese architecture.

[3↑](#)王道ファンタジー – The term used here is “Oudou” Fantasy. It’s not strictly “Medieval Fantasy”, but it is a term generally used for the typical fantasy RPGs like Final Fantasy, Dragon Quest, etc, where the games follow a certain “rule of right” or “noble path” within their storylines.



## Chapter 2

It was just a little after the day had fully welcomed its morning stage. The scenery that could now be seen in the main street was especially lively—to the point one would easily think that the melancholic atmosphere from yesterday had been merely a bad dream. In particular, coming and going in the street were many individuals that, at first sight, could be recognized as Warriors or Experts. And at a corner of that avenue, Mira was stealthily advancing towards her destination, trying her best not to stand out.

“Okay, is this the correct place?”

Garrett’s words were right on point. After walking for a while, she could see two—somewhat large—stone buildings, side by side. Each of them had a signboard on top of their doors: the board for the left building had “Warriors’ Union” written on it while the other, on the building to the right, had the words “Experts’ Union”.

Confirming the door to the Experts’ Union, Mira reached out for it. However, at that exact moment, a certain noisy and agitated voice came from the other establishment.

“Please! I heard that everyone here is really strong! I’m begging you!”

The door of the Warriors’ Union opened and, suddenly, a boy that appeared to be ten years old came out of the place, being chased out. Following that, a muscular man clad in metal armor revealed himself, a disconcerted expression on his face as he pushed back the youth that clung to him.

“I really, really want to listen to your request, but currently we have, at most, D-Ranked adventurers here. Lad, there’s no one here that can meet the requirements for what you’re asking.”

For an instant, Mira wondered if the boy was being harassed. But at a closer look, that situation was closer to a troubled adult trying to deal with a spoiled kid making demands. As the boy continued to hang on to the burly man, other

adults came from the building in rapid succession to soothe him down. Then, concluding it wasn't an affair to be worried about, Mira simply opened the door to the Experts' Union.

Well-organized, the inside of the establishment had a number of reception desks aligned in a row, with various waiting chairs and a large bulletin board placed in front of those tables. At a glance, anyone could mistake the place for a public office<sup>[1]</sup>, but for a moment, Mira looked bewildered as she surveyed the surrounding scenery.

Considering that the building was the "Experts' Union", most of the people there were, obviously, Experts. Furthermore, nearly everyone was clad in robes; mixed in with them, however, was a group of individuals whose appearance caused the girl to doubt her very eyes.

"Seriously, is it really something common in this world...?"

What caught Mira's attention was the attire worn by certain girls, who appeared to be around fifteen to sixteen years old and could be seen all around inside of the building. No matter how she looked at it, they were magical girl's clothes.

Believing that the gothic lolita dress she had with her—one that resembled a magical girl's—was downright embarrassing, Mira had been acting vigilant against any stares that could possibly be directed at her. The young girl felt as if she would be the only one looking out of place there.

And yet, what could Mira possibly think now? She was able to confirm, with her own eyes, that many girls were dressed in clothes similar to hers.

Upon that discovery, deep inside Mira's heart, something began welling up with great intensity: it was the fact that *no, she was not alone in that world*; she had found proof that her garments did not, in fact, look weird to others. After attaining an immeasurable sense of security because of her findings, the girl walked towards the reception desks, a refreshing smile appearing on her face as she was finally released from what had been chaining her down.

Among the many reception tables in the building, there was a vacant one with a sign that read "Registrations Desk". Apparently, each of them dealt with a

different matter.

“I want to register at the Union. Are you busy right now?”

While clearly recalling the public offices from her original world, Mira started the conversation.

“No, it’s fine. You want to make a registration, is that right?”

“Yeah.”

Replying with a smile was a woman of graceful features, her long, blond hair tied into a ponytail with the aid of a ribbon. Then, hanging around her neck was a name tag, with “Eureka” written on it.

Mira, who had been wary of how the woman would react to her attire, was relieved to see the smile on Eureka’s face as she didn’t even bat an eye to the clothes. Once again, the girl confirmed that, indeed, her outfit was something normal in that world.

“Then, please fill out this form.”

When she saw the document presented to her, the girl remembered Solomon’s recommendation letter and placed it on top of the sheet of paper.

“Oh right, I have a letter of recommendation with me.”

“A letter of recommendation? Let me see it.”

After turning around the envelope in her hands, Eureka confirmed who the nominator for the letter was—and immediately froze in place.

Despite the fact that the number of new registrants bringing recommendation letters with them wasn’t high, it couldn’t really be considered something unusual. For example, there were cases with nobles who pursued treasures and, in order to dispatch a private army to a dungeon, they would first register their soldiers at the Union; or sometimes, in other occasions, a high-ranked adventurer would recommend a powerful rookie to the organization. In Eureka’s case, she had already taken care of several of those recommendation letters, so they weren’t something new to her.

However, compared to all the others she had received before, the letter this time was plainly, utterly different. Surely, Eureka at least acknowledged that

the young girl in front of her was an Expert, considering she had directly come to the **Experts'** Union. Even if someone were to appear like a frail little girl at first glance, the Expert class was one such that body or physique had nearly no relation to it. The fact was that, usually, having one's own magical power remain unclear from mere sight was considered everything to the class.

That was also what Eureka had been thinking when she was handed the letter. She believed that the recommendation either came from a high-ranked adventurer, who had somehow met the young girl and acknowledged her strength, or from a noble, who gave that document to their daughter. If the woman had to guess, going by the girl's lovely appearance, the latter case would most probably be the correct one; as a result, for the sake of verifying which noble had sent that letter, she looked at the nominator indicated on it. And then, the name written there betrayed all of her expectations.

Solomon was the nominator. The ruler of the Kingdom of Arkite, King Solomon himself.

"I-I'm sorry. Please wait a moment!!"

Her smiling face now completely gone, Eureka started running towards the interior of the Union. She had never seen nor heard of something like a king directly issuing a recommendation letter. Consequently, she could not handle that situation on her own, so the employee rushed for the Union Chief's Office, seeking guidance from the person in charge of that branch.

Being left behind, Mira pondered if anything had happened, but since she had absolutely no idea what it was, she decided to take the pen provided on the desk and began filling out the form.

"I'm terribly sorry. Thank you for waiting."

Right as she had finished the document and was observing the interior of the Experts' Union, a voice coming from the desk's side called out to Mira. Turning around, the young girl caught sight of Eureka's smiling face, the woman's regained composure managing to bring back the affable expression she previously had, before checking Mira's letter.

"I filled out everything. Is this all right?"



Asked the young girl as she handed out the document, to which Eureka nodded in agreement after making sure that all the entries had been filled.

“Yes, I see no problems here. Now, about the recommendation letter, could you please accompany me to the Union Chief’s Office?”

“Okay, sure.”

One way or another, Mira had brought with her a letter of recommendation from Solomon, *a king*. To her, he was simply a friend; to that world, however, he was a prominent figure. Then, Mira concluded, the Union Chief needing to confirm everything in person was something that would most likely happen.

Eureka asked one of the nearby staff members to take care of her desk and guided Mira to the third floor of the building, stopping at the Chief’s Office. There, she knocked on the—particularly well-built—door that led to the room. From the other side, an austere and wizened voice replied with “*Come in.*”

“Excuse me.”

The employee bowed once and opened the door.

As expected from the room of a Union Chief, it was a quiet and classy place. Organized without giving too much emphasis on its furnishings, there was, however, a large bookshelf in the room. Sitting leisurely behind the office desk, that furniture added to the elegance and appeal of the place, with its contents speaking for the intellectual thirst of their owner and master of the room—the Union Chief.

“Sorry for calling you here. I am a Chief of the Experts’ Union, Leoneil.”

The man, who identified himself as Leoneil, stood up from his official chair and bowed. Along with his finely chiseled features, the wrinkles on his face, engraved by time, strengthened the maturity of his presence even further.

Leoneil then moved to his reception table and, while sitting down, urged Mira to do the same.

“And I am Mira.”

Returning the introduction with a short reply, the young girl paused for a moment and took a seat on the opposite side. As if she had been waiting for the

right time, a woman appeared from the back room bringing tea and sweets; after arranging them on the table, she did a small bow and returned to the place she had come from.

“Mira-san, huh?”

The Chief received the document from Eureka’s hands and confirmed its contents: the girl’s name, her class and nationality.

“Are you perhaps the rumored disciple of Dunbalf-sama?”

Leoneil asked on point, his expression full of confidence. As a chief of the Experts’ Union, not only did he collect intelligence regarding internal affairs, but also a great variety of information reached through to him. And in particular, Leoneil was someone who was really devoted to gathering up information, to the point he formed an exclusive intelligence agency for that purpose.

Consequently, one of the things caught by the man’s information network was the rumor that a disciple of the Hero Dunbalf had appeared; Mira was her name, a beautiful, silver-haired girl whose class was the Summoning Expert. Such were the contents of the talks circulating around. With just that, it was particularly easy to conclude that the young girl there, who identified herself as “Mira”, was the very disciple from the rumors.

“Yes, indeed. So it already spread this far...”

“I guess the rumors were true, then. If that’s the case, I can also agree that this recommendation letter really came from King Solomon.”

The chief revealed a somewhat surprised expression and, as if accepting it, placed the document on top of the desk, subsequently applying a stamp to it. Before, he had considered whether he should verify if the nominee was befitting of the C rank requested in the letter; but in addition to the recommendation being personally sent by King Solomon, the girl herself was the disciple of a hero, so Leoneil judged it an unnecessary action.

Meanwhile, Eureka, who didn’t seem to be able to follow that conversation, had completely forgotten to keep her usual smile and simply stared at Mira, dumbfounded.

“Err, excuse me! When you say ‘Dunbalf-sama,’ are you talking about **that**

Dunbalf-sama!?”

Asked the woman, her brain finally managing to process a minimal part of their talk. Even though she believed it was disrespectful to interrupt them, Eureka could not help but look at her boss and express that question.

“Exactly, it’s **that** Dunbalf-sama. The person who developed the refining technology and was one of the Founding Heroes. The one known as ‘War Power Dunbalf’. Yes, we are talking about him.”

As if it was something completely natural, the Chief replied.

Dunbalf. He was one of the sages that had disappeared thirty years ago. Since then, not only were his whereabouts unknown, but also no one knew whether he was alive or dead. And yet, his name had been suddenly mentioned in the talk between Mira and Leoneil. Moreover, with the appearance of someone calling herself the disciple of Dunbalf, the complete news greatly shocked Eureka. Had he not acquired the intelligence beforehand, even Leoneil might have needed a while to confirm the authenticity of the girl’s letter.

Over and over, Eureka’s mind processed the answer she had received. And every time it did so, the expression on the woman’s face would brighten, steadily turning into a joyful look.

*Give it just a bit of time and the rumors would eventually spread throughout the town*

. While thinking as such, Leoneil forbade his subordinate from speaking about that matter, just for the time being. Then, he took the authenticated form and handed it over to the woman.

“Take care of the other formalities for this document.”

“Y-Yes! Please leave it to me!”

With a high-spirited voice, Eureka cheerfully answered. Immediately after, while closely holding that—seemingly precious—document with both hands, she threw a glance towards Mira and quickly left the Union Chief’s Office, her job now to complete the registration process.

“Well then, everything’s going to be handled internally by us so you can leave

now, but... if you have some time, would you care to keep me company for a little chat?"

The validation of the recommendation letter had been concluded. However, Leoneil appeared to be greatly interested in the many things that Mira probably knew—and that were still unknown to him. His thirst for knowledge was working at full throttle and, if possible, he wanted to hear about Dunbalf's current situation and about the girl herself.

"Sure, no problem."

In its own way, the position of a Chief of the Experts' Union held considerable power and influence. As a result, Mira concluded that it would probably work in her favor to converse for a bit and become acquaintances with him.

While listening to Leoneil's questions, the girl recalled what she had told the two assistants from the Silver Linked Towers, Mariana and Litalia, and kept giving reserved answers: that Dunbalf had been in the City of Mythical Beasts, but right now she didn't know whether he was still there or not; that her summoned dark knights had the same strength as the ones from her master, and so forth. All in all, they were things that even if someone were to hear about, they wouldn't create problems for herself.

Whenever Mira had the chance, she would nibble at the cakes and take a sip of the herb tea that had been served there. Seeing how the young girl looked truly delighted while eating, the Chief offered seconds, to which she instantly nodded in agreement.

"I want to ask you something too, is that okay?"

Having mostly finished answering all of the man's questions, Mira put her teacup down and stared at Leoneil, looking as if it was now her turn to present an inquiry.

"Yeah, of course."

With a somewhat joyful expression, Leoneil replied, adding that as long as he could answer it, Mira was free to ask as much as she liked.

"Then, this is about the zombies that, recently, have been causing troubles to the people here. How much do you know about their origin?"



Those zombies, that currently were a source of anxiety for the populace, were a phenomenon absolutely impossible to occur when the world was still a game. Since Mira was immensely interested in the changes undergone by that world, she had great hopes and waited for the man's response.

"Hhmm, their origin, right...? Well, to begin with, monsters of the Undead class don't appear around here. If we were to talk about a nearby place where they might come from, it would be the so-called Underground Graveyard—the Archaic Temple Nebulapolis. Even then, the zombies we're seeing now, made of *soil* and *plants*, don't exist there."

Leoneil answered while in thought. He then stood up and went towards the desk, returning with a stack of papers a moment later. From that stack, he retrieved a single sheet and spread the paper on the table.

Written there were the characteristics of the zombies in question:

They wandered during the night, without attacking anyone, and their bodies were made of soil and plants;

During the day, in order to escape from the sunlight, they would lurk in the shadows, occasionally getting hit by carriages and the like when moving around; There were several cases confirmed of zombies that couldn't avoid the sunlight in time and, after losing all their strength, would end up falling in front of houses;

No one knew why did they keep wandering about;

No one knew where did they come from;

The reason why they did not attack people was also unknown;

Finally, whether they were monsters or not still remained a mystery.

The whole answer that was presented to Mira did not satisfy her.

"In regards to this matter, it's not like I'm not allowed to tell you about it. As you can see right here, we simply don't know anything."

Explained the Chief as he looked at the window.

"Anyway, we have something in mind. Currently, we've made plans to soon try and investigate the Archaic Temple."

Despite that situation, he seemed to be truly enjoying everything; it was like

he was a detective from a mystery story, getting more engrossed in the puzzle the deeper it grew.

“Oho, I see. This is just perfect then, as that place is the reason why I have come here. While I am there, I could do a brief, preliminary investigation of the place for you.”

“Hmm, that’s right. So that’s why you need a C-Ranked Adventurer’s License. I will count on you, then.”

“Leave it to me.”

Said Mira, brimming with confidence, before stuffing her cheeks with the last piece of cake.

“Thank you very much for the food, it was great. Well, see you later.”

“I will hasten the registration process, so come the morrow and your Adventurer’s License will be ready.”

“Okay, got it.”

Having had her fill, Mira patted her belly while leaving the Union Chief’s Office, a satisfied expression on her face.

After Leoneil saw the girl’s figure walking away, he grabbed King Solomon’s letter and sat down heavily on his chair. Then, he started pondering.

She had called herself the pupil of a Sage, had earned the King’s cooperation and casually declared that she was going to the Archaic Temple.

Leoneil could clearly sense that Mira was hiding something, but he couldn’t feel any ill intent behind that. While stuffing herself with cake and getting some of the cream on her cheeks, in behavior and appearance, she was the very figure of a little girl. However, there were times when both her gestures and choice of words seemed to differ from a child’s.

As his eyes fell upon a particularly unbelievable sentence in the letter, Leoneil’s body sunk deeper in his chair.

“Yeep. I can’t measure it.”

The Chief threw the letter of recommendation towards the desk and looked

up, as if lamenting to the heavens. Lightly dancing in the air, the letter fell on a corner of the worktable; the last sentence written on that paper read as such:

*I request the issuance of a pass for a Restricted Area, the Primal Forest.*

*TL Info:*

[1↑](#)区役所 – The term being used here is actually “Ward Office”, as in the public office for a specific Ward in Japan (some cities there are subdivided in “Wards”).

レオニール – Leoneil